2Pac Lyrics

"Check Out Time"
(feat. Natasha Walker, Kurupt, Big Syke)

[2Pac:]
Ay what time is it nigga?
("I don't know.")
Oh shit, 12 o'clock
Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here
("Hell yeah.")
Nigga, it's check out time nigga
Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room
("Hey there, bitch, where Suge at, nigga?")
Call Suge, call all the niggas tell 'em to meet me downstairs
("Where K and them niggas at man?")
Tell the valet, bring the Benz around
("Ay, y'all seen my shoes?")
Hey Kurupt, y'all niggas drivin' or y'all flyin' back, whassup?
("Man, I'm rollin' man, fuck that shit.")
Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the bathroom fool
("Fuck that, I lost some money, nigga.")
Aw nigga, damn

[2Pac:]
Now I'm up early in the mornin', breath stinkin' as I'm yawnin'
Just another sunny day in California
I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into sexy capers
Give a holla to them hoochies last night, that tried to rape us
Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas
I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break us
Last night was like a fantasy, Alizé and Hennessy
A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin' with my man and me
Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did
I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky bitch
First you argued, then I fight it, 'til you lick me where I like it
Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter, just don't bite it
I never got to check out the scene
Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans
Now it seems, it's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[2Pac:]
Gotta go, gotta go
Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time!
Gotta go nigga, gotta go
("Y'all know what time it is!")
Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man, call that valet motherfucker
Tell him to get a nigga shit, cause we out this, motherfucker

They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid
My fantasies came true with Janet on, I'm in a escapade
But did it all, end too soon
All the homies runnin' through the halls room to room
So I assume, since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night
My game's trump tight
So I find time to recline
Sneak in your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kinds
I ain't got that much time
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind
Since I'm only here for one night
I got to get you hot and heated
Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out
cause there's someone else who deserves my attention
So all the homies round up in the lobby
Cause bustin' bitches is a hobby, nigga
It's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[Kurupt:]
Aiyyo man 'Pac, ay, where the where the fuck is Daz at man?
This nigga locked up or somethin'?
The only one not to leave
Yo man, it's check out time, it's time to get out this mother
(You seem them bitches?)
We out man, fuck that shit
Yo Rece! Yo nigga, whassup?

[Big Syke:]
Hey, I'm livin' the life of a boss playa
The front desk callin' but I'm checkin' out later
My behavior is crazy from what you did to me baby
If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me
I'm puttin' in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed
Carressin' your thoughts, cause I'm livin' fed, heard what I said?
Passion is crashin' the room
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom
I'm blackin' out, you're yellin' out 'Big Syke Daddy'
We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way
I'm lost in a dream and so it seemed, to be the night
Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight
Out of sight from 'Pac and Kurupt
As I get it up, once the doors close, you stuck
In a heaty, sticky situation
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation
It's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[Big Syke:]
Ay, it's check out time
Ay Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin', where my shoes go, nigga?
Where my motherfuckin' drawers and shit at man?
Man, y'all niggas was in here partyin' too fuckin' much
What the fuck y'all doin', nigga?
Kurupt, go tell Daz, man, and Bogart and the rest of them niggas
C'mon man, niggas is trippin' man
Front desk all callin' me, tellin' me to get the hell outta here, man
I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a hundred

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go! Oooo!
We gotta, go!
We, hey!
We! We gotta go! Haaa!
We gotta, go! Haa!

Thanks to Darryle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald